The Myrtle

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13

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For the Myrtle.

Dody and his Friends.

A STORY IN FIVE PARTS.

V.

WHEN the children had gone home in the evening, and the doctor was in his study, Mallie seated herself on the sofa by Dody, and putting her arm over his shoulder, said:

"Now Dody, really and truly, what was the reason you did not want to stay? and, really and truly, what was the reason you changed your mind and came back?"

"Well," said Dody, drawing a long breath. "As I told you before, I felt as if I didn't know nothing and it was going to be pretty hard work to catch up, because I've lost so much time, and I don't like to study at all. Then I felt rather sour about staying in the house and always trying to be good and polite, when there are such larks down on the ships. I sort of like to whack round you know, and knew I should have to do a heap of hollering in, if I stayed here; and I couldn't help feeling as if it was all a great favor to me, which I would have to repay by trying awful hard to be something great, and it was such hard work I didn't want to. I felt bad when I went out, and when I looked up and saw them all so sorry, and you crying, I sort of gave way all at once, so I come back. I might have known I couldn't leave Miss Mallie, anyway."

"I thank you, dear, and I know it will be very hard work for you to make up for lost time, but if you fairly make up your mind to tug and pull, why, mercy sakes! you will get along faster than you imagine. It is half in being determined that you will succeed."

"I meant all that in coming back," observed Dody with a smile.

Mallie sat a long time telling him what she intended to do for him, and encouraging him to improve every opportunity for self-culture, and concluded by saying,

"And when your schooldays are over you can travel all you want to as a gentleman, not as a cabin-boy."

So he went to bed feeling quite jubilant.

The next morning Dody put on his new suit and appeared at the breakfast table in full glory.

"Good morning, my son," said the doctor, putting a paternal hand on his head, while Mallie beamed upon him from behind the coffee urn.

What a pleasant breakfast it was! The March sun streamed in through the ivy-draped window, the silver and china gleamed brightly on the crimson spread, the open fire crackled and glowed, and Dody, feeling freer, easier and happier than ever before, ate his omelet and rolls as grandly as though he never had been obliged to put up with half a cracker for his breakfast.

"We will have the large sleigh out and go shopping in style this morning," said Mallie, as she passed the coffee. "You have crowded me out of my room long enough, and must have one of your own. There is a small one on the same floor which is to be furnished for you, and you shall choose the furniture all your own self, and won't I be proud of my big boy!"

The doctor had his physician's sleigh gig, but

the two families — Andrews and Snow — together owned a very stylish turnout; so the great double sleigh was brought to the door, piled with gay robes, and with black span, colored driver and tinkling bells, they swept off at a dashing rate.

Mallie's object in all this display for a simple shopping excursion, was to make Dody feel as plainly as possible, the contrast between his new life and the old, and thus make him more satisfied to study and strive.

The experiment succeeded, for Dody was delighted and swelled like a little turkey-cock,—as what mortal boy wouldn't, and what a goosey he would be if he didn't — when the grand equipage drew up to a large clothing store, and he selected an overcoat just like the one which had hung in the window and mocked him one cold day last winter.

A large stock of clothing was bought, a trunk, boots — oh! *everything*, and Dody selected a warm-hued carpet, and pretty walnut set for his room, with such an air of grandeur that no one ever suspected that he had slept night after night on a pile of shavings under the stairway of an old house on Broad street.

After a lunch at a fashionable restaurant, they made a few calls on Mallie's friends, and after the third call, Dody had learned not to sit on the edge of a chair, and not to bite the fingers of his gloves, but at the fourth he stepped on Miss Mallie's dress and tore a flounce half off, so they drove home.

"I told you so, auntie," said he ruefully. "I am a great clown, and you had better send me off now before it is too late."

"Mercy sakes! I don't believe there is a gentleman in Boston who has not stepped on somebody's dress half a dozen times this winter, so don't trouble yourself one bit. You did much better than I expected, though I knew you would not be awkward, so don't fuss about anything."

Dody was anxious to commence his studies at once, so a tutor was engaged who was to spend half of each day with him, and the boy progressed very rapidly; for, though as he said, he did not like to study, yet, having made up his mind, he did "tug and pull" to the delight of all his friends.

From nine o'clock until three he delved in the mysteries of learning; then came dinner, and a romp with Cad and Pansie, or a drive with Mallie, until eight, when he commenced again to study, with Mallie or Horace to explain and assist. Not very much of his time was passed in studying books, for Mr. Marvin, his teacher, believed in oral instruction, and Dody enjoyed his lessons more than he once thought possible.

Time passed so rapidly that before Dody fairly realized it was spring, the doctor said one morning:

"Dody, this will be your first vacation, so you may decide upon the place where we shall spend a few weeks in innocent amusement and healthful recreation, but it must not be too far from the city, for I have patients to visit twice every week. Now which shall it be, mountains or sea-shore?"

"Can't we go into the *real country*, and live on a farm where there are cows and pigs and butter, and you don't have to wear your best suit all the time?" cried Dody, who longed to experience the delights which Cad had described as "awful splendid."

The doctor smiled approval, for Dody's face had not quite lost its paleness since his sickness, and he was studying too hard to cultivate much robustness of form.

"The 'real country' is just what he needs," said the doctor to Miss Mallie. "Let him have a few weeks of hunting, fishing, together with country air and food, and we shall see an agreeable change."

So Mallie and Dody hunted up a place which was as "country-fied" as heart could wish, right on the shore of a lovely lake, and only three hours' ride in the cars from the city. The two families were to board together, and Dody promised Cad all sorts of presents and treasures, from bird's wings to deer's horns, when he should fully learn the use of his gun.

To Dody's surprise Cad did not manifest a degree of enthusiasm suitable to the occasion. She listened patronizingly to the account of his hopes and anticipations, but said, as if pitying him for some misfortune about to fall upon his devoted head, known only to herself:

"Yes, Dody, I hope you will have a very pleasant vacation."

"Of course we will, Cad. Why shouldn't we? Auntie says that perhaps we can go up the mountain and camp out all night, and like as not I'll get a shot at a fox."

Cad slowly shook her head.

Now the truth is, that headstrong little girl had formed a desperate resolve. She had been forced to go to school, made to attend church, obliged to stay at home nights, and so forth, until

she fancied herself a very greatly injured young woman. She had endured — under protest it must be confessed — but endurance had ceased to be a virtue. She would now make a bold move, a strike for liberty. She would "defeat the schemes of her oppressors, and be free as her favorite hills," — that is just the way she expressed it.

At last came the day of their departure from the hot, dusty, noisy city. They went early to the depot, and took the first train for N. The designing Cad chose a seat apart from the rest and behind them, giving as a reason for her exclusiveness that she wished to sit with a young girl who was near her own age. The unsuspecting mother gave her permission, and after the train had passed six or eight stations and had fairly got out into the country, Cad quietly left it, and on went the party without her.

"Free!" said Cad, tragically. "Free!" she repeated, a smile of superb scorn illuminating her features, — we must take her word for it, that is the way she described it to her friend and confident, the little negro girl who cleaned the knives at home.

Cad went through the village, and followed a wild briery road which led off toward a forest "dark, gloomy and wild." For an hour she walked, "free as her favorite hills," and all went smoothly, but at the end of that time her feet began to swell and her arms to ache. Coming to a little brook she climbed a stone wall, and seating herself on a log, opened the little travelling bag she carried in her hand. The bag was full of bundles, one of which contained sandwiches that were soon disposed of. She intended to live on wild fruits and berries, but the good bread and ham did not come amiss for the first meal. The next bundle, which she opened very carefully indeed, contained an old rusty revolver, a seven-shooter, with all its internal economy out of order. This she placed in her belt with the air of one who is determined to do or die, and would have opened still another parcel, containing a gilt paper crown which was to take the place of her pretty little shade hat, and proclaim her sovereignty to all whom it might concern; but feeling a strange squirming and wriggling at her feet, she looked down, and discovered that her two dainty little boots were planted right upon a great striped snake. Notwithstanding the revolver in her belt, Cad took a bee-line for the stone wall, and fled to the highway, leaving her bag on the log. A hurried, trembling walk suddenly brought her to a railroad station, quite near the woods, and Caddie had the wisdom to ask the depot master if she could go to N. by that road. With a wondering glance at her soiled, rumpled dress, her dirty pale face and tangled hair, the man said yes, and told her the train would be right along. Fortunately her ticket was still in her pocket, and after a weary ride of an hour, she arrived in N. tired, hungry, muddy, nervous and frightened, and found her father in the depot, distractedly telegraphing to all parts of New England for his lost daughter.

Cad is still in a state of bondage.

Several years have passed since Dody sat on the steps of the hospital, and he is a great, strong young man, has graduated from college, and made a tour nearly around the world. If it were not for want of space, many stories could be told of his trials and struggles with temptation, and his own wayward inclinations. Mallie watched over him with motherly solicitude, the doctor encouraged and counselled him, Cad cheered him, and little Pet Pansie set him an example of gentleness, sweetness and goodness, which he tried hard to follow.

It must not be supposed that his path was full of successes. Many, many failures did he make, and sometimes he would get discouraged, and talk about himself in a way that would nearly break poor Pansie's heart. He had much to help him, however, so it is not strange that at last he gained the love and respect of all, including Horace, who had always felt a little hurt because Dody was superior to him in physical strength. Though he has not yet become President, yet he has obeyed Miss Mallie's prophecy in so much that he has married Pansie, and there is now not a happier couple in all Boston, than Mr. and Mrs. T. H. L. Bowers.

Eva B. Miller.

"MA," said an inquisitive little girl, "will rich and poor folks live together when they go to heaven?"

"Yes, my little dear, they will all be alike there."

Then why don't rich and poor Christians associate together here?"

NO legacy is so rich as honesty.

For the Myrtle.

"How Comes the Summer?"

"How comes the summer here?"
It comes on a thousand wings:
The earth sends up through the growing year
All green and blossoming things;

The sun comes back from the south;
From the sea rise up the showers;
The breezes blow with a gentle mouth
From the spiceland's fragrant bowers.

From the worm the butterfly comes;
The birds fly over the main:
And the opening doors of the happy homes
Let the children forth again.

"And where will the summer go?"
On a thousand wings 'twill fly;
The flowers will hide 'neath the brooding snow,
The sun droop down in the sky,—

"And the children?—oh, they must stay,
Or our summer would go, too true!
But if they should rise and flit away
They would follow the summer too.

The birds fly over the sea,
The butterflies, who knows where?
The children would rise to eternity,
And the fadeless summer there.

H. A. B.

THE over-curious are not wise.

For the Myrtle.

What the Infant Class did on Children's Sunday.

"How many of the class would like to come to my house next Saturday afternoon to learn a secret?" inquired the teacher of a class of very small girls in the Sunday School.

Every little right hand went up at once.

"Is it to rehearse something?" asked one little girl timidly.

"No, it is not to rehearse anything; but it is to *think* of something for Children's Sunday," said their teacher; "and with that you must be content until Saturday comes, for I do not know what it will be myself."

The children kept this in mind all the week, and wondered what new thing could be thought of for Children's Sunday. So you may be sure they were every one at their teacher's on Saturday afternoon.

When they had taken off their bonnets and were all seated in her pretty sitting-room, the teacher began with the subject they had come for. For she knew that until that was settled they would be curious and impatient as well as shy and bashful, and therefore they would not begin to visit, and have a good time. That is the best way,—business first.

Their teacher brought out a square package done up in soft white paper, and sat down in the midst of the circle, with it in her lap. "You know," she said, "I told you last Sabbath we would think of something for Children's Sunday. Well, I have been thinking about it all the week, and the other day when I went into a bookstore, I found something that helped me."

She undid the package and took out of it a whole set of those lovely little chromos which Prang and Colton and other publishers make to "illuminate" Scripture texts and scenes. These she handed around among the little girls, one to each.

"You know what those are, of course," she said to the children."

"Pictures about Christ," said several of the girls.

"Yes," she said, "they belong to the series called 'Scenes from the life of Christ,' and this

set which I picked out we will call 'Christ with the Children.'"

The children could see the pictures for themselves, but I will tell you what they were. They were seven in number, as there were seven little girls. They represented Jesus setting a little child in the midst of the disciples, Jesus pointing a child to its guardian angel, Jesus raising the ruler's daughter, Jesus feeding the multitude — with children in the foreground and the motto, "Let the children first be filled," Jesus with the children in the Temple, Jesus blessing little children, and Jesus as the Good Shepherd.

"Now what I want you to do," said the teacher, "is this. Take each your picture home, and have somebody find in your Testaments the story to which it refers, and read it to you, if you cannot read it. Then select, with their help some verse or verses about it which will be suitable to recite on Children's Sunday. Our pastor thinks that it will be a good opening service for the christening, if before the children came forward, you could all stand around the font and repeat these verses in their order. Would you like to do that?"

They forgot they were not in Sunday School and all put up their hands; then they laughed and said "yes, yes," very heartily.

After this was settled, and each girl had looked not only at her chromo but at all the rest, they

were carefully done up, with many promises to "keep them nice." And then the girls were left to visit among themselves until their teacher called them out to a dainty little lunch of rolls and berrries and milk and little seed-cakes before they went home.

The next day you may be sure they had their verses selected. We shall not tell you now what they were, but only say that they were approved by the teacher. They learned them during the week, and next Saturday went to her house again and rehearsed them, and decided just how they should be spoken. The pastor was there, too, and told them just what the whole service would be and just when he wished the part of the little girls to come in. He also talked to them about these scenes of Jesus with the children, and as they gave each one he made some tender application of it to themselves. When they went home this time they were surprised and delighted to find that each little chromo had been put in a mantel frame, and was given to them to keep.

On Children's Sunday morning, when the church was crowded with interested people, and the altar all decked with lovely flowers, with the silver font, edged with rosebuds, in the midst, — when the pastor had made his address to the parents of the children to be christened, he closed by saying, "Hear how our Lord and Master showed the relation of childhood to God."

Then the little girls stepped forward and recited as follows:

1st. "And Jesus called a little child unto him and set him in the midst of them, and said, Except ye be converted and become as little children ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven. And whoso receiveth one such little child in my name receiveth me."

2d. "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you That in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven."

3d. (The third could not find a single verse about the raising of Jairus daughter that seemed sufficient, so she spoke thus:) "He was brought to Jairus' daughter, who was dead, and to the widow's son, and there came unto him the centurion whose child was sick, and the Phœnician woman whose daughter was afflicted, and the child who was a lunatic, whom the disciples could not heal; and JESUS restored them all."

4th. "They that did eat were five thousand men, beside women and children."

5th. "When the chief priests and scribes heard the *children* crying in the temple 'Hosanna to the Son of David' they were sore displeased. And Jesus saith unto them, Have ye never read, Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise?"

6th. "Then were there brought unto him little children, that he should put his hands on them and pray; and the disciples rebuked them. But Jesus said, Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

7th. "I am the Good Shepherd. 'He shall feed his flock like a shepherd: he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom.' And Jesus said, 'Lovest thou me? Feed my lambs.'"

Having thus recited, the infant class resumed their seats, and the "little children" were brought forward, that the minister of Christ might "put his hands upon them" in prayer and blessing.

H. A. B.

Hold of Papa's Hand.

The patter of little feet on my office-floor, and a glad voice exclaiming, "Papa, I'se come to 'scort you home!" made known to me the presence of my little six-year-old darling, who often came at that hour "to take me home," as she said. Soon we were going hand in hand on the homeward way.

"Now, papa, let's play I was a poor little blind girl; and you must let me hold your hand tight, and you lead me along, and tell me where to step, and how to go."

So the merry blue eyes were shut tight, and we began. "Now step up, now down," and so on till we were safely arrived, and the darling was nestling in my arms, saying, "Wasn't it nice, papa? I never peeked once!"

"But," said mamma, "didn't you feel afraid you'd fall, dear?"

With a look of trusting love came the answer: "Oh, no, mamma! I had a tight hold on papa's hand, and I knew he would take me safely over the hard places."

MATTHEW HENRY was eminent for his meek and Christian Spirit under injuries. One of his favorite sayings was, "How pleasant it is to have the bird in the bosom sing sweetly."

The Trees of the Bible.

EXERCISE FOR FLORAL CONCERT.

Let us look through sacred story,
Song and psalm, until we see,
In their beauty and their glory,
Forms of many a fair green tree.
Trees that shaded saints and sages;
Trees that waved where prophets trod;
Trees that live through all the ages,
In the changeless Word of God.

II.

When the captives wept for Zion,
For the power and glory gone,
What fair tree with drooping branches.
Hung they their sad harps upon?

Ans. — By the river of Babylon there we sat down, yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps on the willows in the midst thereof. — *Ps.* cxxxvii. 1.

III.

When the prophet sang the story
Of her grandeur yet to be,
Of her beauty and her glory,
Spoke he then of any tree?

A. — The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the fir-tree, the pine-tree, and the box together, to beautify the place of my sanctuary. — *Isa.* lx. 13.

IV.

When he gives the invitation,
Come, ye thirsting, thirst no more,
How, in joyful proclamation,
Tells he of the good in store?

A. — Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree, and instead of the briar shall come up the myrtle-tree: and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off. — *Isa.* lv. 13.

V.

What says he when men, forsaking
God Most High, the living Lord,
Out of wood their gods are making,
That can never speak a word?

A. — He heweth him down cedars and taketh the cypress and the oak, which he strengtheneth for himself, among the trees of the forest; he planteth an ash, and the rain doth nourish it. . . . He maketh a god and worshippeth it; he maketh it a graven image, and falleth down thereto. — *Isa.* xliv. 14, 15.

VI.

On the hills and mountains, burning
Incense unto gods thus made,
Israel far from Zion turning,
Sought what tree's most pleasant shade?

A. — They sacrifice upon the tops of the mountains, and burn incense upon the hills, under oaks, and poplars, and elms, because the shadow thereof is good. — *Hos.* iv. 13.

VII.

When another prophet telleth
Of God's judgment falling fast,
While his heart with sorrow swelleth,
How speaks he of the glories past?

A. — The vine is dried up and the fig-tree languisheth; the pomegranate-tree, the palm-tree, also, and the apple-tree, even all the trees of the field are withered; because joy is withered away from the sons of men. — *Joel* i. 12.

VIII.

After words of solemn warning
For the people in their sins,
Then what hope, like a gleam of dawning,
Through the prophet's voice flows in?

A. — But yet in it shall be a tenth, and it shall return and shall be eaten: as a teil-tree, and as an oak whose substrance is in them, when they cast their leaves; so the holy seed shall be the substance thereof. — *Isa.* vi. 13.

IX.

Unto Israel returning,
Hear the promise of his Lord;
God to his dear children yearning,
Speaks to them what tender word?

A. — I will be as the dew unto Israel: he shall grow as the lily, and cast forth his roots as Lebanon. His branches shall spread and his beauty shall be as the olive tree. — *Joel* xiv. 5, 6.

X.

When God called the weeping prophet,
When he said, What dost thou see?
Lifting up his eyes what saw he?
Blooming branch of what fair tree?

A. — Moreover the word of the Lord came unto me, saying, Jeremiah, what seest thou? And I said, I see a rod of an almond-tree. — *Jer.* i. 11.

XI.

When Elijah's spirit failed him,
And he asked that he might die,
When the angel touched and hailed him,
'Neath what tree did Elijah lie?

A. — But he himself went a day's journey into the wilderness, and came and sat down under a juniper-tree; and he requested for himself that he might die. — *I Kings* xix 4.

XII.

When the Lord directed David
Out to battle when to go,
O'er against what trees then said he,
They should come upon the foe?

A. — Come upon them over against the mulberry-trees. And it shall be when thou shalt hear a sound of going in the tops of the mulberry-trees, that then thou shalt go out to battle. — *I Chron.* xiv. 14, 15.

XIII.

What tree that now on Lebanon,
In solemn beauty reigns,
In the grand days of Solomon,
Grew, like upon the plains,
Another tree, whose branches bore,
In a far later day,
Zaccheus, who ran on before,
When Jesus past that way?

A. — And the king made silver in Jerusalem as stones, and cedar-trees made he as the sycamore-trees that are in the low plains in abundance. — *II Chron.* ix. 27. And he (Zaccheus) ran before, and climbed up into a sycamore-tree to see him, for he was to pass that way. — *Luke* xix. 4.

XIV.

What trees that Hiram sent with gold
From far across the seas,
Made terraces, as we are teld,
And harps, and psalteries?

A. — And the king made of the algum-tree terraces to the

house of the Lord, and to the king's palace; and harps and psalteries for singers. — *II Chron.* ix. 11.

XV.

And now what tree, more fair than all,
May priests and prophets see,
And yet its leaves and fruits may fall
To bless both you and me?

A. — And he showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb In the midst of the street of it and in either side of the river, was there the tree of life which bare twelve manner of fruits and yielded her fruit every month; and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations. — *Rev.* xxii. 1, 2.

S. S. Teacher.

The Death of Moses.

We come now to the last event recorded of the Israelites in their long wandering in the wilderness; the last event before their entry into the land which God had promised them. It was the death of their great leader, Moses.

We see by the record that Moses knew his end was drawing near. The death of his brother Aaron must have made him feel this more sensibly. He was now a venerable old man. A younger and stronger hand must lead the people in their coming fierce struggle with the hostile dwellers in Canaan.

The whole book of Deuteronomy seems a preparation to this end. All the laws are more carefully repeated. The punishments which the Lord will bring upon disobedience are faithfully set forth. Then his blessing on the obedient and his mercies to the penitent are tenderly pictured; and Moses adds his fervent prayer and exhortation to the people that they will keep in these blessed ways. To this he adds his strong words of encouragement. He then makes that great tribute of praise to his God which is known as "the song of Moses"; and finally blesses all the tribes with a final benediction. This is his preparetion for death. He thought not of himself, but of those he was to leave behind, and of the work for them which God had given him to do. Like the last great prophet, Jesus, whom he so much resembled in spirit, he made ready to die by doing the will of his God and finishing his work.

Then he went up from the plains into the mountains of Nebo the highest peak of which, Mt. Pisgah, overlooked nearly the whole land of Canaan. There he saw the fair land which the Lord was to give his people: according as the Lord had decreed, that because of his trespass in the wilderness when he glorified himself and not the Lord, he might see the land before them, but he could not go into it.

What the feelings of Moses were when he stood on the mountain-top and looked over the beautiful country toward which they had journeyed so many years, and for which they had longed so ardently, we can only imagine. We may be sure that he was not rebellious against the will of God. He could not have sung that great song of praise and love if he had been. In his old age and weariness, that heavenly country to whose shore he had come, may have looked more inviting to him than even the fair land of Canaan.

What Moses may have thought or known about the life beyond death, we cannot know. He had not the Christian's knowledge of its rest and gladness. The world did not know that, until Jesus came to tell us of the many mansions of our Father's house. But the Lord had not left Moses without some knowledge of the better life to which he was going. He had revealed himself to Moses not only as his God, but as the God of his fathers, and not the God of the dead but of the living. He knew that he was to be "gathered to his fathers" and to all his people who had died and gone from him. Think how his heart must have gone out to his beloved Aaron and Miriam, to the mother who nursed him when he was drawn from his river-cradle in that far land of Egypt, to all his kindred and people, for whom he had toiled and suffered so much, and of whom he was now the last! No, the place of Moses was not to go forward with the new people into the new life with all its wars and toils. It was to go back to his own people, in the land of their heavenly rest.

It is thought by many that Moses died in this mountain as Aaron died upon Mount Hor. But the record only says that he died in the land of Moab and the Lord buried him there, "and no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day." That may mean that he was buried there by the Lord's decree. and that *at* that day his burial place was no longer known, that is, at the day when the record was written.

So the Israelites were parted at last from their great Commander, who, himself led by God, had led them up from slavery into freedom and changed them from a barbarous to a civilized and religious people. He was, beyond doubt, one of the greatest men the world has ever seen. The book of Deuteronomy, after recording his death closes with these noble words: "And there arose not a prophet since in Israel like unto Moses, whom the Lord knew face to face; in all the signs and the wonders which the Lord sent him to do in the land of Egypt, to Pharaoh and to all his servants, and to all his land, and in all that mighty hand, and in all the great terror which Moses showed in the sight of all Israel."

There was great mourning for Moses in the camp of Israel. But the call of the Lord was upon them to go forward to their new possessions. So the command fell upon the valiant young general of their armies. JOSHUA, who led the people over Jordan and into the land of Canaan.

The scene of Moses upon Pisgah's top looking into the land of promise, has often been compared to the vision of heaven which the Christian sees by faith as he draws near the shores of death. We all know the beautiful hymn of Watts, when he is picturing the beauties of heaven:

"Sweet fields across the swelling flood
Stand drest in living green:
So to the Jews fair Canaan stood
While Jordan rolled between.

Could we but stand where Moses stood
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's steam, nor death's cold flood,
Could fright us from the shore."

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